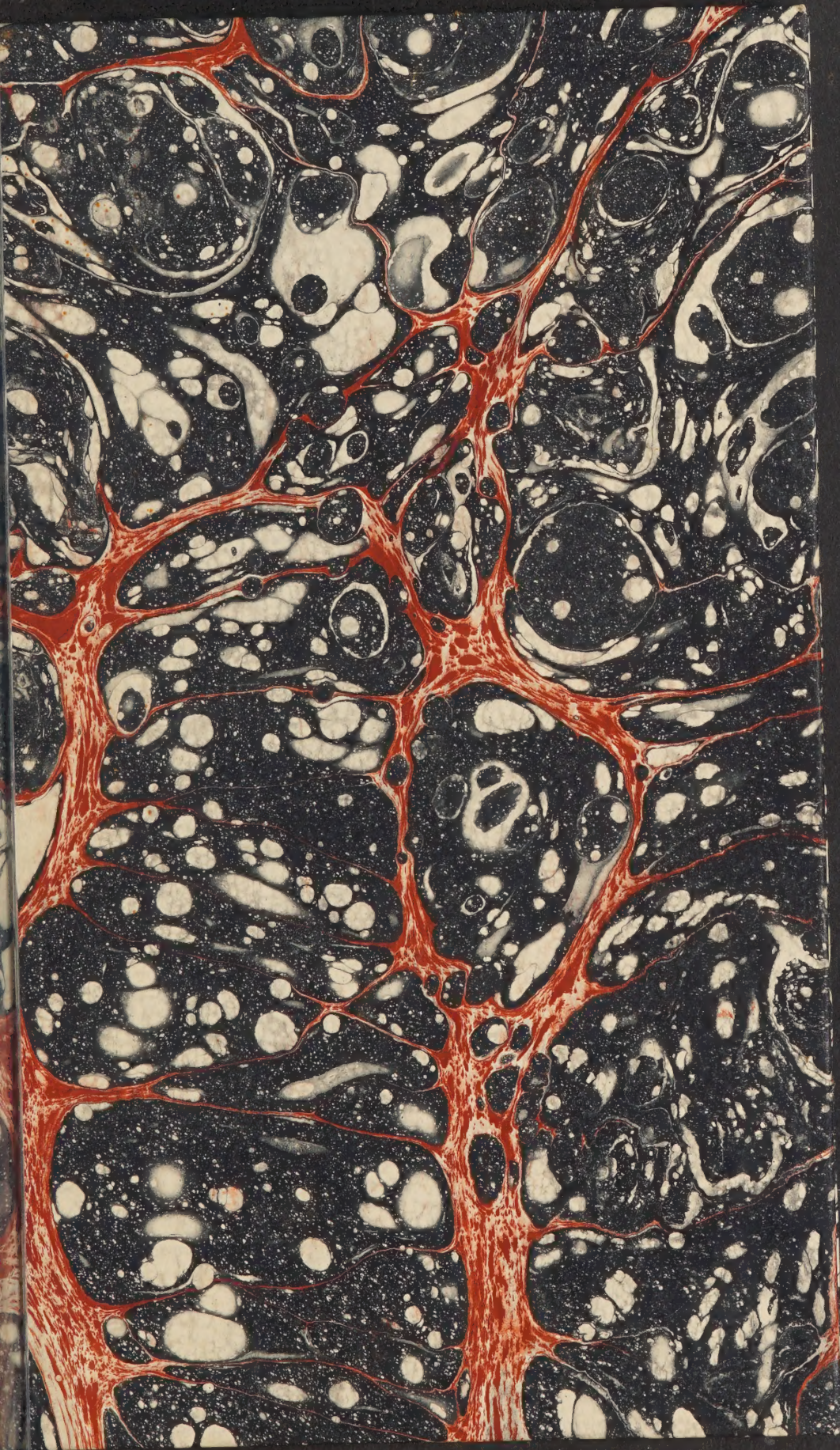
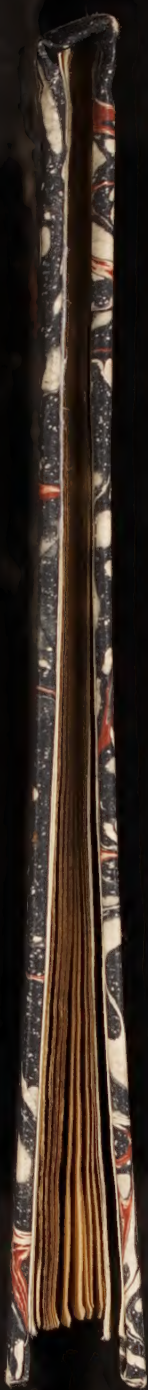


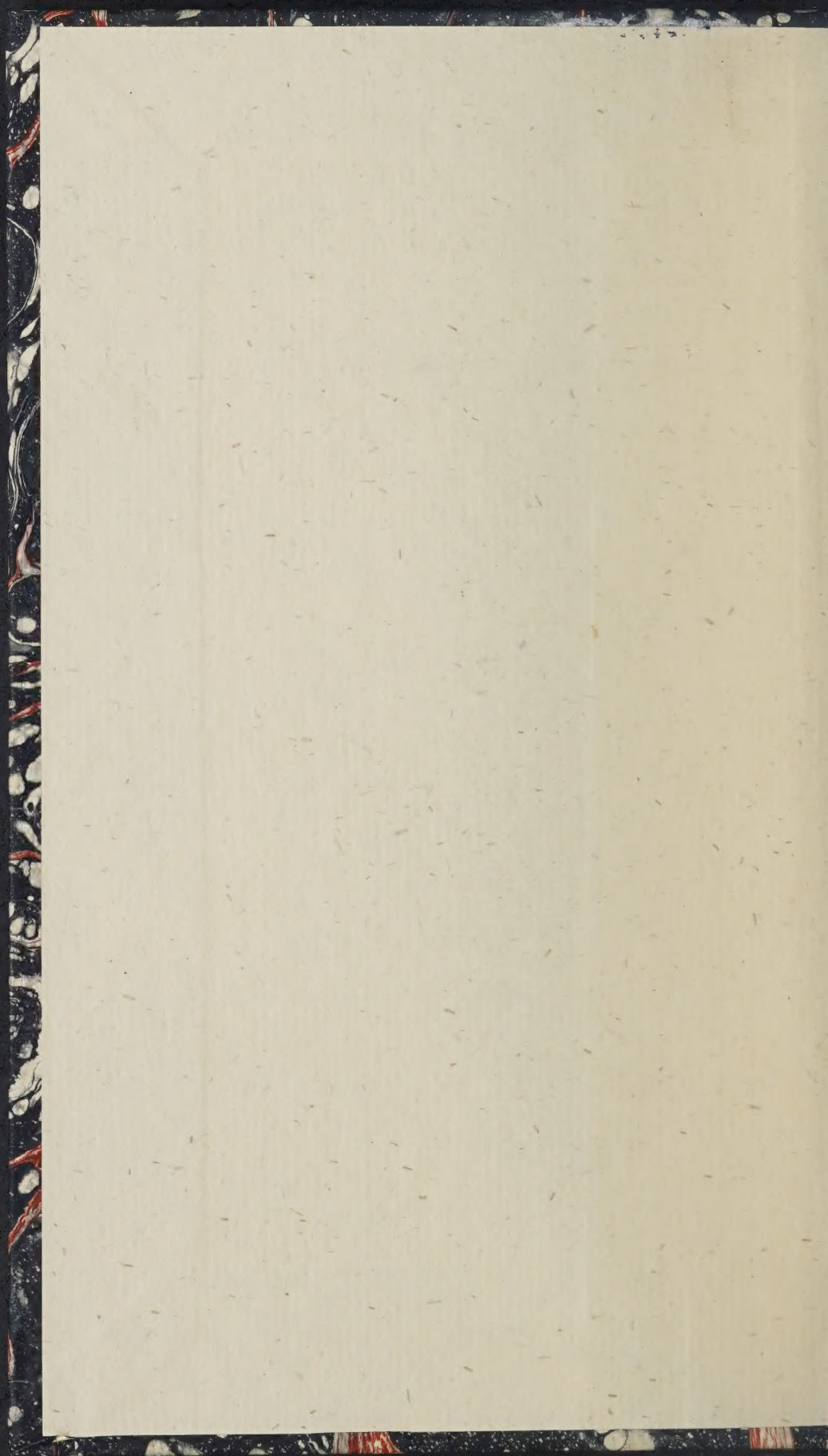


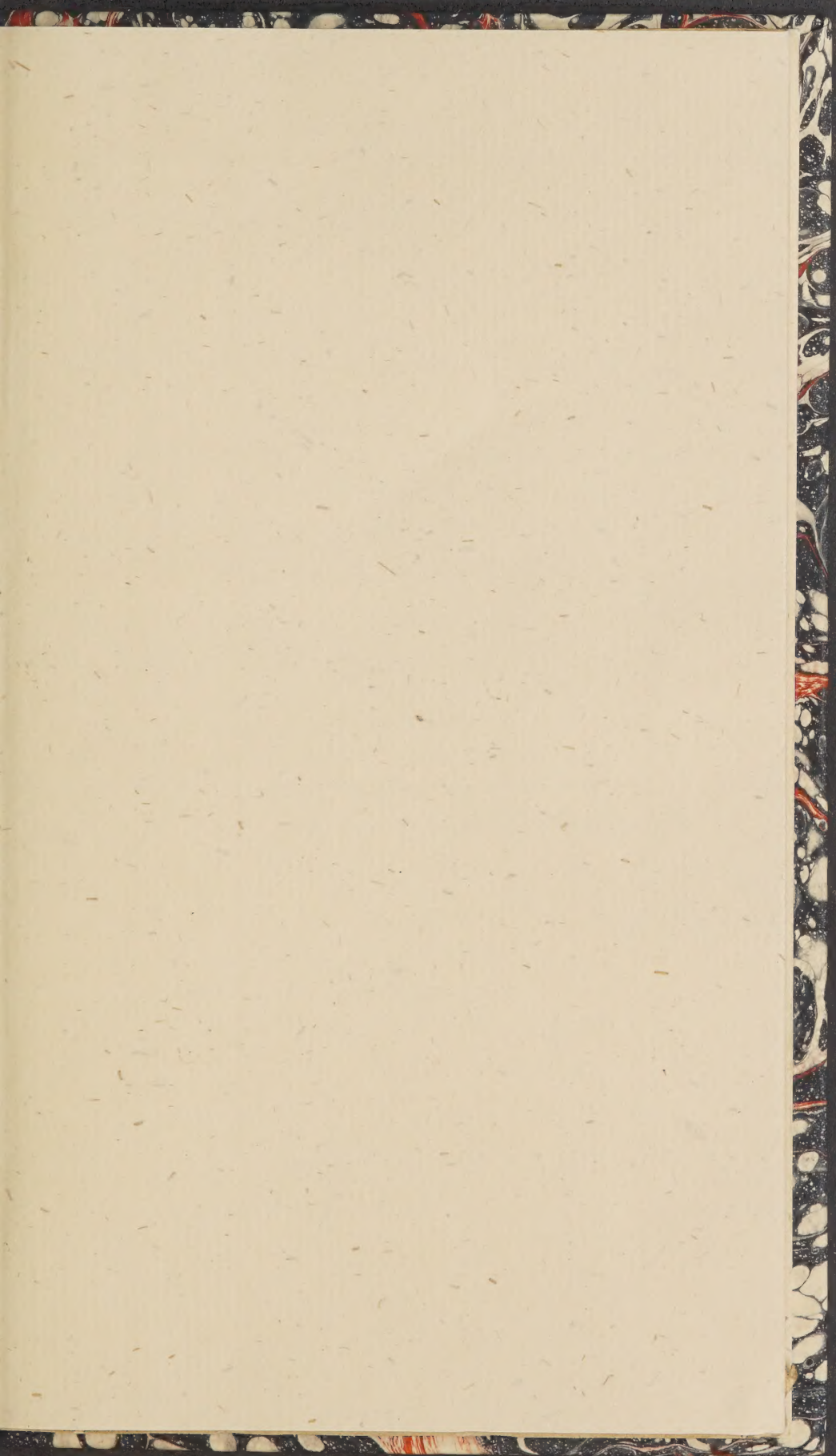
CROFT LETTER FROM DENMARK 1800

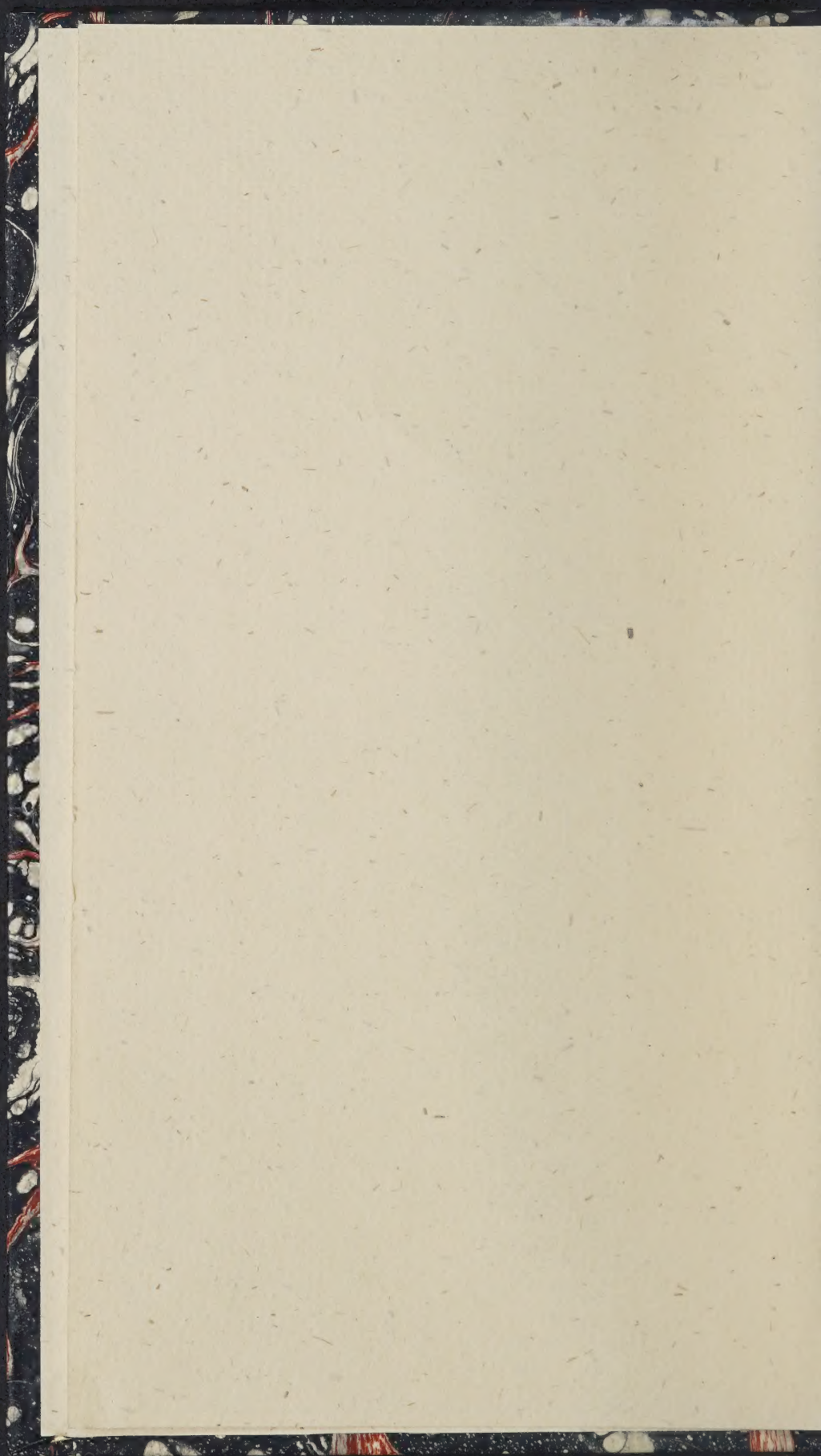












Chatterton
AND
" LOVE AND MADNESS."

A LETTER FROM DENMARK,

TO

*Mr. Nichols, Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine,
where it appeared in February, March, and April
1800 : respecting an unprovoked Attack, made upon
the Writer during his Absence from England.*

BY THE

REV. SIR HERBERT CROFT, BART.

" MY HONEST FRIEND, MY FAULTE HAS BEENE
" TO SERVE GODDE AND MYE PRYNCE."

Chatterton's Bristowe Tragedie.

London :

SOLD BY J. WRIGHT, PICCADILLY.

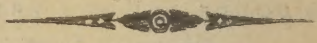
PRINTED BY F. BUSH, KING-STREET, YARMOUTH.

1800.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



“ An injury offered to an individual, is interesting
“ to society. On this principle, if you are injured, the
“ people of England will join in your resentment.”—
Junius to Sir William Blackstone.



A LETTER,

&c.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT be expected, by any man of honour or feeling, to descend to answer a scurrilous person, signing himself *Robert Southey*, in a letter sent to me here by a friend. You, sir, have a gentleman's mind, and one always friendly to literature. Be pleased to reprint in your Magazine, Mr. S.'s letter (that it may never be said I garbled his correspondence as he has mine), along with these remarks upon it; and to let a line be written to Mr. S. *informing him you have done so*. This I particularly request, though he thought it just and gentlemanly to address his letter to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine, and to print and circulate it as a handbill, I am informed, in coffee-houses and publick places, without any communication of it to me, or any friend of mine; at a time he knew I had been for three years out of the kingdom; and precisely at the moment (December) when the frost interrupts all communication with the north of Europe.

On an abusive writer, so little acquainted with the common rules of justice, *I shall never make any further remarks than these*; whatever may come from his pen: *unless he should lay any FACTS before the Publick*. But I demand of him, what I presume even this Mr. Southey will not DARE to deny me, that he print, in his edition of Chatterton (whose little finger I have ever revered, more than Mr. Southey knows how to re-

spect the poor boy's whole body), his unjust attack upon me in my absence; and my remarks upon it, the moment I saw it; and any further scurrility, with which he may be pleased to *honour* me. I learn so much of Mr. Southey's justice from his abuse, that I should be ashamed of myself, were this person ever to disgrace me by his praise; which might happen, did he wish to gain money, or fame, by becoming the officious editor of my works. Besides, if Pope were talking of such Epic Poets as Blackmore, instead of the eternal race of *fools*, I would apply to the author of *Joan of Arc* two lines, in the *Prologue to the Satires*, I think—

“A fool, quite angry, is quite innocent:

“Alas! 't is ten times worse when they repent.”

The following is what Mr. S.'s ideas of justice have circulated with uncommon industry. The *Italics* are Mr. S.'s own. In this case they might be supposed to take their name from the *Italian* use of the *Stiletto*.

The circumstances of the FAMILY of CHATTERTON, and the treatment they have experienced, are detailed in the following Letter, which was printed in the Monthly Magazine for Nov. 1799.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

[Motto, humbly submitted to Mr. Southey's better judgment—

“Whatte woulde I doe? I furious woulde him flee;

“His deathe a means unto my life shulde bee.”

Chatterton's Goddwyn.

“In striving to flee him, ourselves we flee.”—*Id.*]

SIR,

As a subscription edition of all CHATTERTON'S remains is about to be published for the benefit of his sister and niece, I beg leave, by means of your Maga-

zine, to invite the public attention to those circumstances which render this act of justice necessary.

It might have been supposed that the interest which the fate of Chatterton excited in the public mind, would, in some measure, have supplied his loss to his family, by procuring for them active and benevolent friends. The publication of all his works for their emolument would at that time have secured to them the comforts of life. Your readers, sir, probably will learn with surprise, that the whole sum they have ever received from the profits of his productions, amounts only to seventeen guineas and sixpence. In this I do not include the voluntary assistance of those individuals on whose justice they had no claim. They remember with gratitude the kindness of Dr. Glynn, of Mr. Bryant, above all of Miss Hannah More and her sisters.

The papers and poems attributed to Rowley, had been procured from Chatterton, during his life time, chiefly by Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott. The poems were purchased for fifty pounds, of which six guineas were given to the mother and sister. A great part of Mr. Barrett's History of Bristol is composed of Chatterton's communications; the only return the family ever received from him was his surgical assistance, gratuitously afforded to the sister, Mrs. Newton, once in a complaint of the breast, once in curing a whitlow on her finger.

When Chatterton was more particularly the object of public curiosity, a clergyman called upon his sister, presented her half a guinea, and requested to see whatever letters of her brother she had preserved. She produced them. He then begged permission to take them away *for one hour*, assigning as a reason, that it would be too painful to his feelings to read them in the presence of that sister, to whom they were addressed. On the same pretext he procured the letters in Mrs. Chatterton's possession, who lived separately from her daughter; these also, he *promised to return in an hour*, and

the present of a guinea, and the language of consolatory friendship prevented all suspicion ; indeed, so consolatory and so full of religion was his language to the mother, that she said she almost looked upon him as a guardian angel.

A fortnight elapsed, the letters had not been returned, and they knew not the name of the person to whom they had entrusted them. At the end of the fortnight Mrs. Chatterton received a letter from that person, Mr. H— C—. “Be not alarmed Mrs. Chatterton,” he said, “all the little treasure shall be faithfully returned to you again;” with the originals he promised to send transcripts of all the letters; with which the curiosity of strangers might be gratified, while the hand writing of Chatterton should be preserved. He again consoled Mrs. Chatterton for the fate of her son. “Perhaps,” said he, “he now beholds with pleasure the deserved progress his reputation is making every day, and the friends and the assistances which his name brings to you and to his sister:” the date of the letter was Lincoln’s-Inn, July 27th, 1778.

In a second letter, August 24th, 1778, Mr. C— requested the sister to write to him, whatever she and her mother could recollect, concerning Chatterton. “Believe me you are writing to one who respects his memory, and wishes you both well;” the promise of returning the letters and magazines containing Chatterton’s pieces, which he had borrowed at the same time, were repeated ; and in the course of the Autumn they were accordingly returned. Nothing more was heard till, in the following July, to the astonishment of the family, Mr. C— published the letters, and the information he had obtained from Mrs. Newton, in his *LOVE and MADNESS*. The mother wrote to him and upbraided him for duplicity ; he replied, by sending ten pounds, to be divided between her and her daughter ; again professing friendship for them, and saying, “Be assured the family of Thomas Chatterton shall never be forgotten by H— C—.”

Four months afterwards he again wrote to justify himself, and used these expressions, "What has been done was with a view to pave the way for services to your family; and I hope, sooner than you think, to be of more service to you than any person who has hitherto enquired about your son, for I have a true regard for his memory."

In November 1780, he wrote a fifth letter, desiring Mrs. Newton would send him a particular account of her circumstances, as he was about to promote a public subscription for her; and in April 1781, they received a note from him, requiring an acknowledgment of the ten pounds.

Here Mr. C—— dropt his correspondence with the family; they heard no more of the *future services* and the *public subscription*. His Love and Madness had a great and rapid sale, undoubtedly in a considerable degree owing to the letters of Chatterton; and his purpose was served. Luckily Mrs. Newton preserved his letters. In 1796, she was advised, by a gentleman to whom she had shewn them, to write to Mr. C——; the following is a copy of her letter.

SIR,

The name of Chatterton is, perhaps, yet familiar to your memory. She to whom he was endeared by the tender ties of nature, and who contemplating his many virtues, would remember his errors no more, begs leave to address you with reference to your professions of attachment to the remainder of his family. Several years have now elapsed since you obtained of me his unpublished papers, and communicated them to the world. The disquietude I might have felt at such a transaction, was removed by an apprehension, that while you interested yourself, you would render considerable assistance to me. The popularity of the concern was an adequate ground for my expectations, which were heightened by the respectability of your connections in life. Justice to my situation would long since

have compelled me to address you, but have been, till a few days past, unacquainted with your residence. If any thing in my favour be practicable, to which I trust you will not be indisposed, your early attention will greatly oblige,

Sir, Your obedient humble servant,

MARY NEWTON.

H—— C——, *Esq. Portman Square,*
London, June 19th, 1796.

As no answer was returned, a second letter was addressed to Mr. C——.

Reverend SIR,

A former letter of mine, addressed to you under the appellation of H—— C——, *Esq.* may probably have reached your hands; the same motive which urged me to engage in that, induces me to trouble you with this, and I again solicit your attention to the remainder of the family of Chatterton. Justice to myself, as I before observed, was the reason of my forming the application, on which I had the satisfactory judgment of some very respectable friends. As the subject of obtaining my brother's papers, has of late been particularly investigated here, I trust you will not suffer an occasion for public censure, in a matter where my feelings are considerably interested.

I am, reverend Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

August 4, 1796.

MARY NEWTON.

Mr. C——'s answer was as follows.

Mrs. Newton's letter of August 4, is sent to me here; she is either ill-advised, or she has not told her advisers the money which I gave her, when I had the copies of the letters, and *afterwards*. The sort of *threatening* letter which Mrs. Newton's is, will never succeed with me; but if the clergyman of the parish will do

me the favour to write me word, through Mrs. Newton, what Chatterton's relations consist of, and *what characters they bear*, I will *try*, by every thing in my power, to serve them; yet certainly not, if any of them pretend to have the *smallest claim* on me.

H—— C——.

Exmouth, Devon, September 1, 1796.

The money Mr. C—— alludes to, is the guinea given to Mrs. Chatterton, and the half guinea to her daughter, when he *borrowed the letters for an hour*, and the ten pounds sent after he had published them.

Mr. C—— has been privately addressed upon the subject, without effect; his conduct is now made public, in the hope that general liberality may be excited by general indignation.

The mother of Chatterton died in poverty; she suffered three years with a cancer, and till her death, experienced the kindness of the Miss Mores. Mrs. Newton supports herself by teaching children to read; she is now advancing in years, and her sight begins to fail. She is a widow with one daughter. It is hoped that the profits of the proposed publication will render her old age comfortable.

The edition will comprize whatever Chatterton left. Miscellanies, the pieces attributed to Rowley, and the letters published by Mr. C——; some unpublished poems have been procured, and some Magazine pieces which had escaped the collector of the Miscellanies. Dr. Gregory has promised to adapt the life of this extraordinary young man to the work; it will make two octavo volumes. The price sixteen shillings, the money to be paid on delivery. Mr. Kearsley receives subscriptions. The edition will be under my direction, and every care shall be taken to render it correct and complete.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BRISTOL, Oct. 1799.

“ Gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
 “ Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left withoute”
Chatterton's Letter to Mafstre Carynge.
 “ Botte sometymes foare 'bove trouthe of historic.”—*Id.*

It seems clear that, however the late Mr. Burke might inoculate Bristol, as her recorder, with his *former* principles, prejudicial to the constitution (I only know Mr. S.'s political *principles* from the Pursuits of Literature, ed. 8. p. 352, and from his own Pref. to Joan of Arc), that great man communicated not the discriminating powers of his mighty mind. But “thus easily are” “blasted the reputations of the living and of the dead;” as I said, in my *Life of Young*, more than twenty years ago. When I had read to Johnson as far as these words, of which the booksellers' edition in 1791 makes nonsense, he stopped me with—“Yes, sir—and, if you quit “Jones's bar” (the great Sir William) “for the church “and literature, as Bishop Lowth advises you, it is “probable you will be taught the truth of your own “reflexion, by literature, long before you are my age.”

What appears from this paper by Mr. Southey; i. e. what its *literary* author, in the fervour of composition, and in his officiousness to be the Editor of Chatterton, pleases to ASSERT; I will submit to collect. Innocence would less often fall a prey to villainy, if it boldly met the whole of a nefarious accusation in its blackest colours. I defy the heart even of Mr. S. to heighten what I shall transcribe from him. But he will allow me to remind him that his *rival* Chapelain, in the 9th book of *Pucelle ou France Delivrée*, chosen by Mr. S. for his epic subject, speaks of a devil, according to Mr. S.'s own account, “the most mischievous of all the tribe, whose body is made of nothing “but ears and eyes.” This gentleman seems to have lent his friend, Mr. S. in my case, all his ears and not one of his eyes. I wonder much Mr. S. did not catch from his friend rather different ideas of republicks and

revolutions, since the patriot Mr. S. tells us, after Chapelain, that "the great devil was grievously troubled, "when he learnt, from his agents, the *success of France*. "Even in the flames of Hell, he felt his SOUL SHIVER." Joan of Arc, ed. 2. vol. 1. p. 63, 5.

But I must keep my word, and *arrange* the great Mr. S's. abuse of me (for he writes prose somewhat like bad poetry, and poetry somewhat like bad prose), however it may make *my soul shiver*.

I shall arrange it under different heads.

1. That I was a *clergyman* (not an atheist, nor a follower of *pantifocracy*), when I robbed Chatterton's family, in the curious way Mr. S. pretends: though Mrs. N. addressed her letter 1796, as Mr. S. prints it, H. C. Esq.

2. That, though I voluntarily gave both the mother and sister money, I made handles of consolation and *religion*; and imposed upon them by lies; in order to execute my well-planned robbery of half a dozen letters.

3. That, though I voluntarily wrote to them in a few days, and acknowledged the stolen property, I still meant to retain it.

4. That, though, in August 1778, I performed *every thing*; which Mr. S. *seems* to state, from my letter of the preceding month, as *promised without ever being performed*; I, still, was such a CLERICAL robber as he describes.

5. That I completed the robbery, by printing the half dozen letters, making the whole, or the greater part, of my work (would not any one suppose so?); though the book, in which these letters, *to serve Chatterton and his family*, fill a few pages, contained more matter than two common volumes.

6. That the mother wrote to me and upbraided me with *duplicity* (not very intelligible, in any sense; but, *poeticè*, for villainy) to which charge I replied by sending 10l.

7. That, four months after, without any apparent reason for a robber's continuing such a correspondence, I "*again wrote to justify myself*" (my italics); where, by slipping in the word *again*, an epic poet asserts, without showing any such thing, that I *had* justified myself, before, from a charge, the hinting of which would certainly have prevented my ever sending the 101.

8. That, Nov. 1780, I wrote Mrs. N. a fifth letter, which says I was "about to promote a public subscription for her;" and the author of Botany-Bay Eclogues, by printing *public subscription* in italics, KNOWS, that he meant to accuse me of *having begun* and RECEIVED the subscription, which I was "ABOUT to promote."

9. Finally, as "they heard no more of the *future services* and the *public subscription*" (Mr. S.'s italics) "the mother of Chatterton died in poverty, after suffering three years with a cancer," and Mrs. N.'s "fight is beginning to fail:" while the immaculate, religious, *patriotic*, and PANTISOCRATIC Mr. S. instead of writing one word, from September 1796 to October 1799, "what Chatterton's relations consist of," (as I desired), after an interval of almost twenty years *makes my conduct public*, keeping his doing so concealed from me; accuses me of having "served my purpose" by the means with which I have been forced to foil my paper; and "*hopes*" (I believe the gentleman) "that general liberality" (towards a work which he and his connexions are going to edit, print, and publish) "may be excited by general indignation."

In governments purely *pantisocratical*, i. e. LEVELLING, such a reasoner and such a gentleman would be referred to Johnson's indignant answer to Macpherson, which says, that "he carried a stick to repel insult; after which, the law should do for him, what he could not do for himself." But I am a clergyman; as Mr. S. remembered, when he held such language, and published it in such a manner. On my

return to England, it is possible I may see whether the law can do for me what it would not become me to do for myself. In the mean time, I will dispose of the good sense of Mr. S.'s scurrility under these nine heads.

1. Mr. S. very well knows his motives for making such a character, as he represents me, a *clergyman*, before I actually was one. Our country and all countries are in the situation in which we see them, because such lurking attacks upon religion and government have not been openly met and repelled. If Mr. S. will say he does not understand me, or will deny the fact, I can transcribe various passages from his Epic Poem, that confirm my veracity and his artifice. All I know of him is from some of his writings, and from an historical note about him in the last dialogue of the *Pursuits of Literature*, l. 398. But I appeal to those whose good opinion I value, whether I might not have run a chance at least of being treated a little better by Mr. Southey, had my principles been republican, or had I been a dissenter from the religion of my country, or of no religion at all.

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Surely, Mr. S. under each of these heads, answers himself. But there are still other answers to this unblushing accuser, which are so obvious that perhaps some of his readers will blush, if I should present them here to their minds for the first time.—It is *more possible* that Rowley existed, than that an artful man could be *fool* enough to assign such a reason as Mr. S. mentions, or that both the mother and daughter could be *weak* enough to be so robbed.—An hour, and which of course an artful man might have extended to two hours, would have been sufficient to *copy* eight letters; and, then, no further intercourse would have been necessary.—But innocence generally finds its best defence, in the folly of its accuser; though those, who enjoy the accusation, without considering what may next happen to themselves, seldom have wisdom enough to pick it out.

“A fortnight elapsed, the letters had not been returned, and they knew not the name of the person to whom they had entrusted them.” Could I have been sure that every reader would mark these words, or had they been honoured by Mr. S.’s skilfull italics, I should never have taken up my pen. They refute the whole of Mr. S.’s ignorant charge. My robbery was committed; the women knew not the thief’s name; and nothing but honour, which I do not wonder Mr. S. could not discover, produced a letter, signed by my name, in as short a time as a letter could well be expected: besides that they, who allowed a nameless stranger to take away these treasures, on so silly a pretence (only worthy of Mr. S.’s invention or belief), for a present of a guinea and a half, would willingly have sold them all for less than the half guinea.—If Mrs. N.’s memory were stronger, she might perhaps recollect that I *was* at liberty to do what I pleased even with the *originals*, in return for what I gave her and her mother. Had ten pounds more been demanded for them then, or even another guinea, I imagine that I should have refused. What I say of Mrs. N.’s memory is not unnecessary, for she certainly has forgotten some circumstances upon which Mr. S.’s *impartiality* would have improved. They *gave* me, along with the letters, two of the boy’s drawings, which I still have; and the original of his last letter I “retained *with the mother’s consent*,” as I printed at the time (Love and Madness, ed. 1786, p. 211. note). This they never accused me of; nor has Mrs. N. ever complained of my *making a book* of her own letter (which fills four pages), as Mr. S. who knows the way of making books, I suppose, would insinuate I did of her brother’s letters, which take up 19 pages out of 340.—If Mr. S.’s letters be estimated at that rate by himself and the Monthly Magazine, I really think that 11l. 1s. 6d. for copies of eight letters by a writer so every way inferior to Mr. S. as C. may be called a good deal of money. Unless, indeed, Mr. S. value them like his own Joan

of Arc; which, at twelve shillings for two little volumes, is almost a penny a line, and certainly more than a shilling a piece for every thing tolerable in the whole publication, except Chaplain's *great Devil*.— But the fact was, that I wished, and said and wrote so to the mother and sister, that Chatterton should be *known* as the glory of that Bristol, which I hope Mr. S. will not further disgrace. Let those acquainted with the Rowley-controversy be asked, whether my book did not effect this, before Chatterton was the common cant of the day; before all this Botany-Bay and Joan-of-Arc tenderness, this pantifocratical sentiment: and let my book, P. S. p. 333, 9, and T. Warton's "Enquiry" 1782, p. 113, (referred to there) be seen, for my having chiefly *that motive* in writing the book. If I have never yet had an opportunity of carrying my intentions to serve the family, so *repeatedly* and *OPENLY* avowed, into effect, it is not my fault; and I fear the friendship of Mr. S. though an Epic Poet, will but ill replace me. My intention about *subscription* was to have published Chatterton's works, in that way, when I quitted the bar for the church in 1781; but Johnson decidedly thought it would not succeed, and Bishop Lowth wrote me a letter (which I still have) giving the same opinion; though I possessed MSS. of Chatterton given me by my friend Bishop Percy, and had ideas about the edition, which I certainly shall not communicate to such an editor as Mr. S. *for the sake of C.'s reputation*.

My fate has been rather curious. I wrote a book to serve Chatterton's fame and his surviving family, at a time that, as p. 190 records, so little was known or had been said of him; this book was then objected to, because at least 136 pages, out of 340, were devoted to that purpose: and, twenty years afterwards, I am thus accused; instead of being thanked, as their greatest and perhaps their first real friend.

Again—Mr. S. not content with trying to "filch
" from me my good name," in order to "enrich him-

"self" (conduct, agreeable enough to what I have heard of Bristol pantifocracy), condescends to steal from me my humble prose, and to prove his poetical feelings for the family in almost the words of him, whom he scurrilously accuses of breaking all their hearts by a robbery, under which they pined away from 1778 to 1799. Let Mr. S.'s language in the third paragraph of his letter be compared with the following passage, p. 147 of my book.

"His patrons do not boast of their generosity to him. They (Catcott at least) received no inconsiderable sum for Rowley's poems; nor has the sale of them turned out badly. In consequence of the money got by poems which Chatterton certainly brought to light, which I firmly believe C. to have written, his mother acknowledges to have received the immense sum of five guineas, by the hands of Mr. Catcott; and Mr. Barrett, without any fee or reward, cured the whitelowed finger of the sister."

This, certainly, is not one of the "LITTLE mean-nesses" which poor C. says (letter. 2. p. 194) disgrace Mr. S.'s city. If Mr. S. choose, thus, to make use of my ideas and my words, in his edition, I fear he will not be allowed the credit of much more originality as an editor, than as a friend.

Deduct from Mr. S.'s famous paper all my own praise of C. and lamentations over his family, with all the unwarrantable abuse of me; and what remains, but that Mr. S. wishes to degrade one, at least of the first and greatest friends of C.'s family, and *pantifocratically* thrusts himself into his place. In one respect, indeed, my book has finished with doing me a service; as it did formerly. After experiencing the pleasure and honour of owing to it Samuel Johnson's acquaintance and friendship (as I say, when I inscribe the fifth edition to his memory, p. 340); I am, now, indebted to the same work, for the enmity of Robert Southey; and I do assure this last great man, that, with my sentiments both public and private, I count such enmity,

for something, as well as such friendship. Even poor Mrs. N. may live to be of the same opinion with me, on this head; for she, who wrote me the letter which I printed, did not need any one's assistance to apply to me in 1796. Those two epistles, with which I was avowedly honoured on account of "the respectability of my connexions in life" (see the first), are as much *threatening letters* as if they had begun with "put ten pounds more under a stone, or"—as much as any that were ever indited by the most skilfull *colonist* of Botany Bay, who may now be studying there, Mr. S.'s eclogues, composed for that classical meridian: and if I had not, in my letter of September 1796, called them *threatening*, I should never, perhaps, have heard of Mr. S.'s *gentlemanly* letter to the Monthly Magazine—and if it were not Mr. S. who imposed upon the poor woman, and persuaded her to copy his lucubrations, written in his leisure from inventing Botany Bay eclogues, I should be glad to know *who did*, that I may have the honour of complimenting him upon his talents for such kind of compositions and for such sort of morality. If I liked egotism, I would point out the very paragraph, in the newspapers of September 1795, copied as usual into magazines, &c. which suggested to Mr. S. or to poor Mrs. N.'s adviser, in 1796, after some natural hesitation even in such minds on such a step, the probability of forcing something from me; and something, perhaps, even worth dividing. Mr. S. shows, by his paper, what respect his poetical turn permits him to pay to veracity; but even he will not venture to say that my simple correspondent, of 1778, was so improved as to write such *elegant* letters, and so disimproved (we want a word of this kind) as to write such *filly* letters, in 1796. Poor woman! Her simplicity was no match for our Epic Poet. Immediately after saying, for her, that "my purpose was served" he adds, "*luckily* Mrs. N. preserved my letters." But by what *luck* did it happen, that Mr. S. in his abuse of me, only printed a few blind extracts from

those letters? It is lucky for me that Mrs. N. preserved my letters; and that I have copies in England, if Mr. S. should destroy them: and in addition to the demand, which I have already made, that Mr. S. print his unjust attack on me, along with these remarks, in his edition of C. (should he ever venture one), I here *insist* that he print at the same time (and his own language can tell him what he will be branded for if he refuse) the *whole* of my letters to Mrs. N. or her mother. My memory is pretty good, and I will venture to promise that the public will, then, see why Mr. S. did not do this in the first instance, and will dispose, accordingly, of their "general indignation," however they may or may not permit Mr. S. in his editorial capacity, to dictate to their "general liberality." As to Mrs. N.—I readily forgive her, even if it were something more than bad memory: for is she not the sister of Chatterton? and are there not bad advisers, every where? and must not those be *sturdy moralists*, as Johnson said about Scotland, who prefer poverty to truth? Her daughter needs still less forgiveness; and I certainly will serve the niece of C. if I ever have it in my power.

8, 9. Of these two heads of Bristol liberality of mind, published and industriously distributed while I was absent, and when the subscription-money, it was hoped, would be paid before the accusations would even reach me (if Mr. S. will say he did not know I was abroad; that he had not read even the *REVIEWS* of my *Letter from Germany to the Princess Royal on the English and German Languages*; whom will he get to believe him?)—of these two heads I will only say that *I am* a clergyman, and that I forgive Mr. S. even this: which is more than C. would do, for his seeking to procure subscribers to his works *by such means*—for giving him the author of a six weeks epic for his editor—and for meaning to prefix to his works Dr. Gregory's "*meagre*" life of him. (P. of Literature, dial. 1, l. 151, note.) Nay more—Mr. S. seems to

have in him some seeds of a poet (unfortunately for me. I can prove the gentleman's propensity to fiction); and I shall quote his *Joan of Arc* in my *English Dictionary*, if I ever see him still further clear a future edition of its *republican, revolutionary, RIDICULOUS, and REVOLTING* passages: but I cannot discover his modesty, in calling it an *Epic Poem*; and when I read, vol. 2, p. 226, and shuddered at reading—"whom
"the laws cannot reach, the dagger should"—I little thought that, without having overstepped any law real or ideal, except perhaps going beyond what many others would have done, both in actual recompence and intentional services (as I have been thought to use too warm language of C.), I was doomed to prove that it is possible to *speak daggers*, as the poet says, no less than to use them. But I forgive him; and I have done with him: and I do not quite despair of him, if a young man; for I hope he will grow wiser, as he grows older. In what I have said here, he has moved me from my usual moderation; and a dull, cold dictionary-maker might object to my parenthetical style, &c. &c. but I should scorn myself, if, under such a charge, I could fix my mind on any thing, except the baseness of the accusation and my own innocence.

Since my pen is in my hand, and I like not *writing* egotism as much as many, after all, like *reading* it; I will notice, here, what will be thought of consequence by all who remember what Dryden says (in his dedication of Juvenal, I think), about Jack Ketch, his wife, and his servant, and who have no ambition to "*die sweetly*" by the hands of a Southey.

I will deprive such another person as Mr. S. if he be not yet come to either a timely or an untimely end, of the fun of seeing a little dictionary-maker baited by a great Epic Poet; whom perhaps, too, he encouraged to the sport. The wretch, I mean may possibly know himself in the note, without a name, on v. 123, of the

second dialogue of *the Pursuits of Literature*, written in 1796—see ed. 8. This man has before attempted Mr. S.'s dirty work ; but without a name, because no one was then forced to come forward with a name, or lose the fame, or the emolument, or both, of being *an editor*. His attack upon me was to prove, by reprinting a short letter of Johnson's to you, soon after his death, in your Magazine,* Mr. Nichols, and confronting it with my P. S. to my *life of Young*, that Johnson wrote, or at least corrected, the life for me, and that I told a deliberate lie in the P. S. though I printed it before Johnson's death. This arose, I conclude, from envy, on account of the flattering words with which Johnson was pleased to preface my life: for I can truly say, of this man, as of his hireling, friend, or imitator, Mr. S. that I know not how, otherwise, to account for such malignity ; since I am sure I never injured him, and I am almost confident that I never did him a kindness, or promised (as I am accused by the friends of Chatterton's family, September 1796) to "try by every means in my power to serve him."

You, Mr. Nichols, luckily for me (but more so, in many respects, for literature), are still living ; and you know that Johnson did not make a *single* alteration, or

* Dr. Johnson's Letter (vol. iv. p. 10) speaks for itself. "What is crossed with red"—he says—"is expunged by me."—If any one wishes to see what the Doctor did expunge, he will find THE WHOLE (three paragraphs) in vol. li. p. 319.—Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

correction, nor even correct the press; and that all he did was to strike out some passages, because my life was longer, in proportion to Young's works, than the other lives. You *know* that all which my P. S. says is solemnly true, and that this wretch's charge was founded on a fallacy; as if I, in saying to Johnson, in my P. S. "you struck out *one* passage," had asserted that "he struck out *but one*," when his letter says "he had struck out several" (or some such phrase) "to make it shorter, and that he wished to see it still shorter."

It *had* its effect, however, on a mind of a different make; for the liberal Dr. Anderson, in his life of Young, vol. 10 of the Poets of Great Britain, p. iii, says,—"For the life of Young the world is obliged to Mr. H. C. the English lexicographer, formerly a barrister, now a clergyman.—Mr. C.'s narrative was *submitted to the revision* of our great poetical biographer," &c.—I certainly should have been glad, if Johnson *HAD* revised it, but you know Mr. N. that he did not; and I know, that, when I asked him to correct the press;* his answer was—"No, sir; you shall do it all, yourself. If I touch it, the dogs will say I wrote it for you." †

* The only alterations made by Dr. Johnson were the expunctions before alluded to.—*Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.*

† Dr. A. will permit me to correct an *error*, into which he has fallen, in his life of Johnson, British Poets, vol. 11. p. 815. "To his list of technical and

But this was not all. The same wretch made, or reported to Boswell, a *bon mot* of my unhappy life of Young: that "it had all the contortions of the sybil" (I think) "without the inspiration," but stolen (I know) from Junius's "melancholy madness of poetry,

"provincial words, nine thousand have been added by Mr. H. C. in his *Dictionary of the English Language*; the publication of which is delayed, for want of suitable encouragement." The title page of this volume is dated 1795. In May 1792, my proposals for publishing "*Croft's Johnson's Dictionary*" in the May following, declared me able to enlarge it with more "than twenty thousand words," not *technical* or *provincial*, but "illustrated by examples from the books quoted by Dr. Johnson, and from others of the best authority in our own and former times."

It had been well worthy of such a mind as Mr. S.'s to accuse me of having received subscriptions enough, on my own account, to print my *Dictionary*; because the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Salisbury, Lord Moira, and three or four others, out of the eighteen or twenty subscribers I had, refused to take back their money.

I hope, now, *shortly* to return home; and to prove that my time has not been thrown away in the North of Europe, by giving my *Dictionary* to my country, either published in numbers or by means of engagements with booksellers.

What I disdain to say, in answer to Mr. S.'s attack for my refusing to *put more money under a stone* for

“without the inspiration :” and he persuaded Boswell (who told me, afterwards, he was ashamed of being *led* into that and some language he had used) to insert his abuse of me, as part of the life of Johnson. Nor was this all. Still, *labitur* ; but not *labetur*, which this will prevent, or my speaking out shall. He, then, I have reason to believe, was the wise friend, who caused the silly author of an insignificant book, which I will not distinguish by naming it, to quote his own abuse of me in Boswell’s book as *the highest flight of eloquence in the English language*. Mr. S. best knows whether this man have made a handle of him against me, as Mr. S. has made one of poor Mrs. N.

I know something of human nature, though I do not compose (*in youth, too*) Botany-Bay eclogues ; and I am persuaded that my enemies think better, at the bottom, of this *life*, than *I* have ever thought, even in consequence of Johnson’s praise. It’s chief merit is it’s defending Young’s son from such silly calumniators as Mr. S. and even that was *necessary*, though all can now see that the calumny carried it’s own refutation along with it, still more, if that be possible, than what Mr. S. is pleased to say of me.

Mrs. N. I will say to the public—that I would before now, have laid my country *under this obligation* (I know what I say—a lexicographer does good, if no more than an index-maker), had the baronet’s title of my ancient family brought along with it *any part* of the fortune of my ancestors.

In order to save such wretches the trouble of assigning reasons for my being out of my country at present, I shall here print the *true reason*; in a letter from the present illustrious Bishop of Salisbury (Douglas). The reader will find it in the note, and I have no higher ambition than that posterity should read this letter and Mr. S.'s on my tomb.*

* I was honoured with the following letter, when a respectable professional situation, which I afterwards declined, was offered me by a public body in Germany; though all that I requested from his Lordship was some testimony of my character as a gentleman and a clergyman. The book his Lordship alludes to is my "Letter to the Princess Royal, on the English and German Languages." May all bishops act and speak as liberally towards literature! and may all the servants of literature merit such uncommon liberality more than I pretend to do!

Windfor Castle, June 13th, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the 2d found me here, but not till yesterday; and I take the earliest opportunity of expressing my wishes, that you may be placed in so desirable a situation as that of chaplain to, &c. the respectable members of which, from what I know of your character, will have every reason to be satisfied with such a choice.

I thank you for sending me a copy of your late publication on the German language; from the pe-

Let me finish with endeavouring to make this egotism, into which I have been unwillingly dragged, serviceable to some who read it; as I have always studied to render the passages I quote in my Dictionary, useful for other purposes than the mere illustration of a word.

No ill ever befalls us in life, either great or small (I can answer for the former), to which we may not discover, if we examine fairly and carefully, some good attached. Milton's *Il Penseroso* found, almost, as many joys as his *L'Allegro*; in consequence, too, of a mournful turn of mind: while their immortal poet owed, perhaps, the second Epic Poem in the world (if Southey follow Homer, with his *Ilias ebria veratro*, I should say the *third*) to his being blind.

usal of which I received much entertainment and instruction. In this small, but very able performance, you have given abundant proofs of your being singularly well qualified to execute that great national work, on which you have spent so much of your time, and *I fear so much of your money*, without meeting with that public encouragement, which you had a right to expect, and which, from the specimens you obligingly communicated to me (1788), I think it most justly deserved.

It will give real satisfaction to hear of your success, being,

DEAR SIR,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

J. SARUM.

Chatterton says (p. 160 of my book) "I do not like this *uncivilized Bristolian*." Now, I do. I thank this six-weeks-author of *Joan of Arc*, for the unprovoked injuries he has been, three years, studying to do me : because he has afforded me the means of repelling what the enemies of Chatterton's mother and sister have worked them up to say against their best friend ;* and of clearing my literary reputation, in your life-time, sir, *who know the facts*, from the cowardly calumnies of some of my own enemies. This poetical freedom (*poetica licentia*) taken with me by Mr. S. gives me, also, an opportunity I readily embrace, of telling present and future times (which I hope will always boast a Henry Steevens, a Bowyer, a Nichols ; or, if possible, a still more learned and patriot printer !) that I have been for many years,

MY DEAR SIR,

Your very sincere friend,

HERBERT CROFT.

* The *trifling* book, so often from necessity mentioned here, has been out of print for some years ; though, both before the last edition and since, copies have frequently been sold for six or eight times the original price. This looks but little like a disposition to "serve my own purpose," or to make pantisocratic advantage of "a great and rapid sale, owing to the letters of Chatterton."

Postscript.

Even Junius. I remember, grants, either to Sir W. Draper or Sir W. Blackstone, that "an injury offered to an individual is interesting to society," and that "the public will join in the resentment of him who is injured." Since the opportunity is afforded me just as I finish this, it may be of consequence to the public, to know by what sort of a character such a sort of injury has been offered; and who it is that assumes the right to come forward and debate to the public, as to present subscription, and as to a transaction with an old woman and her daughter almost twenty-two years ago, and when Mr. S. was almost three years old. I shall quote his life, in *Public Characters* of 1799--1800. R. Phillips, St. Paul's Church Yard. I do not speak unguardedly, when I say *his* life; for, though Mr. S. did not let Mrs. N. write her own letters, there is every appearance and probability that he wrote his own life, in which the facts and dates are given more minutely than Plutarch would give them of Homer. As Mr. R. Phillips, of St. Paul's Church Yard (the publisher also of Mr. S.'s Monthly Magazine) continues

these *elegant* and IMPARTIAL volumes of pantisocratic biography annually ; a man, with a mind more wedded to falsehood than the worthy Mr. S.'s, would have a fine opportunity of *inventing* a life of *me*, and of adding more untruths to the account of me, given in some such biographical work, published by Faulder, I think, eight or ten years ago.

The said worthy Mr. S. says publicly of himself, or some very good friend for him (since I defy any one acquainted with books to doubt for an instant of it's all coming from the very best authority, independently of the pantisocratic style throughout), that "he, " to this day, is proud of being a republican, and not " without reason"—p. 225, that " the book that most " influenced his judgement was Mr. Godwin's Political Justice" (see p. 368. for the life also of that *great-minded germ*. p. 369,)—that " he still *ap-* " proves his theory of pantisocracy, or having all " things in common : " *ib.*—that " he can say indeed " but little of his religion " (this surely is modest !); " only, that though he may have run through five or " six different beliefs, which he enumerates, he now " perhaps does not believe any thing " p. 226—that " he has written one epic poem in six weeks ; and is " writing another, which he will be good enough to " keep a little longer under correction " p. 227, 8— that " though now only twenty-five years of age," (p. 227), " he has *thought proper* to denominate himself a " Lyric Poet " (p. 229) : " he and Mr. Lovel, before " he was twenty, assumed the modest names of Moschus " and Bion " (p. 227); and he has the *double* claim I mention to rank with Homer and Milton (this, Mrs. N. seems to be *duplicity*, with a witness)—that " his " father was an unlucky linen-draper " (p. 223, 4)— and that " the spirit of the father rested on the son " (p. 223), " who writes almost-extemporaneous Epic " Poems for bread " (p. 228).

Nor is this all. "To this day" (most singular! posterity will wish to know *what* day in the eighteenth century) "our epic-drafter ties up his stockings very tight; even unwholesomely" (p. 224)—hence I fear; so many cramped and sickly lines in *Joan of Arc*—and that "*he is said*" (modest again!) "never to have undergone any corporal punishment" (p. 225). I rejoice, most cordially, with our *triple* wonder, Homer-Moschus-Pindar, on this *duplicity* of happiness: and, that it may never be interrupted, I conjure him to transfer a little of his straitlacing from his stockings to his assertions, from his heels to his heart; and, above all, never to hazard such attacks as these, upon any but clergymen.

After all, I could assure Mr. S. that I despise him, notwithstanding his poetry, his life, and his letter, much less than his cool reflection may, perhaps, lead him to imagine. I am persuaded that it is not his fault, if his rival Chapelain's *mischievous Devil*, or even the *great Devil*, approach nearer to pantifocratic perfection. Were his powers at all equal to what I plainly see of the goodness of his heart, and the artlessness of his head, I should be very far from despising such a formidable fellow-creature. One, who *is* a poet, without thinking it necessary to be either an atheist or a pantifocrat, sends us, finely,

"To wonder at a thousand insect-forms,
 "Whose shape would make them, *had they bulk
 and size,*
 "More hideous foes than fancy can devise;
 "With helmet-heads and dragon-scales adorn'd,
 "The mighty myriads, *NOW SECURELY SCORN'D,*
 "Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
 "Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth."

Cowper's Retirement.

Examined by a solar microscope, I can easily conceive what a hideous foe Mr. Southey might appear; and then, too, this "almost-extemporaneous" Homer might, perhaps, seem almost as large as Blackmore.

Since this Bristol Epic Poet (as we say Bristol-stones in opposition to diamonds) thought proper to seek my literary death, for the honourable reasons assigned by Chatterton, in the lines I have prefixed to Mr. S.'s letter; it will be less inhuman on my part, to provide him with an epitaph, against he dies some kind of death—*postquam destituit esse Mæonides.*—I do it, also, the more readily, as the monumental inscription may be a memorial to others: however soon the person in question may be forgotten. The lines are part of what C.'s Rowley sent to Ladgate, with the song on Ælla—

"Remember Stowe, the Bristol Carmalite,
"Who, when John Clarking, of not mickle lore,
"Did throw his gauntlet-pen with him to fight,
"He shew'd small wit, and shew'd his venom
more."

H. C.

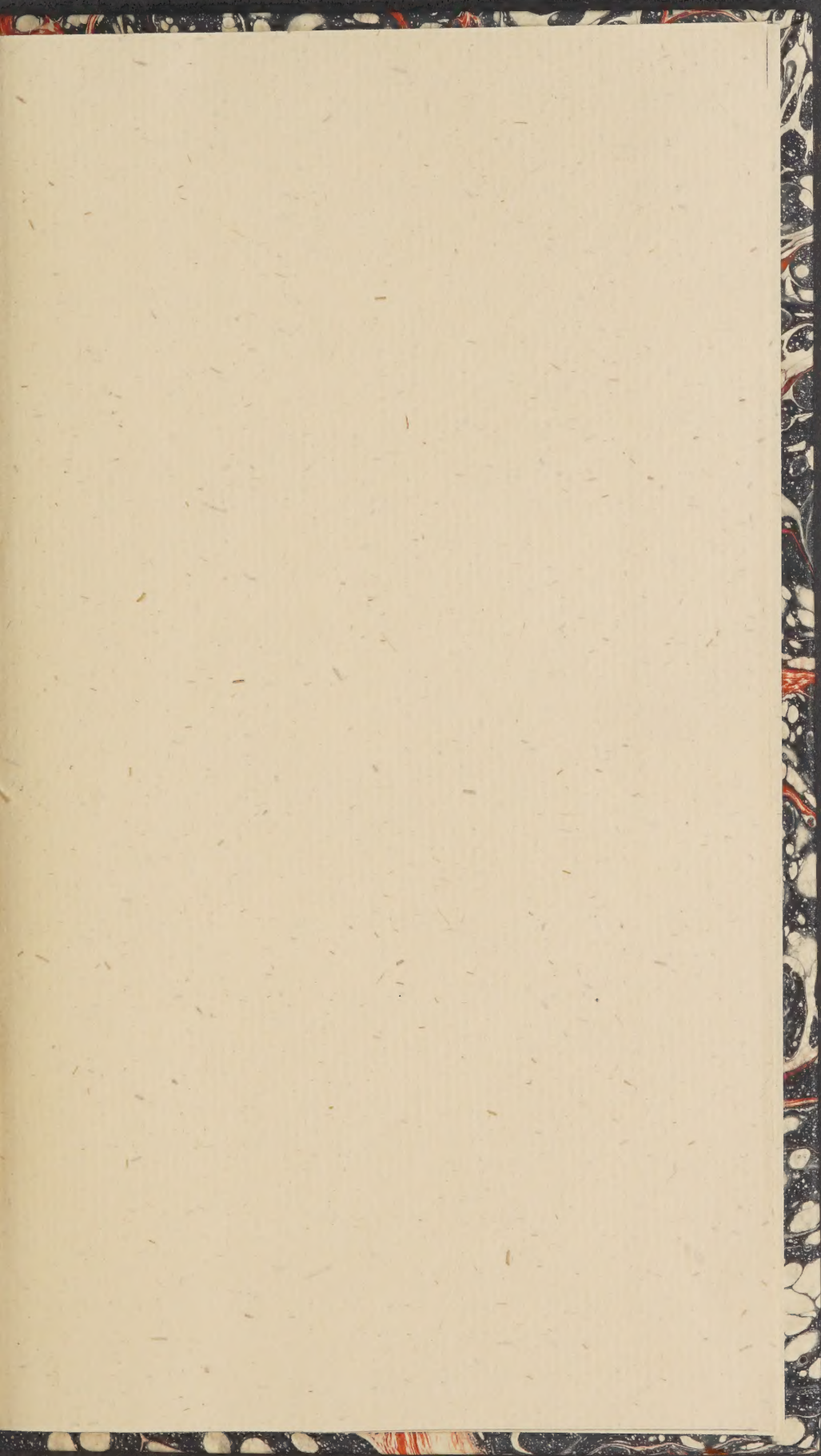
The End.

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“ Sir, because Lowth was a gentleman and a clergyman, would you have had him shew no sensibility, when unjustifiably and coarsely attacked, as if he had not been either one or the other ? ”— *Johnson, speaking of Bishop Lowth's Answer to Bishop Warburton.*

“ If any coarse expressions have escaped me, I am ready to agree that they are unfit for Junius to make use of; but I see no reason to admit that they have been improperly applied.”— *Junius to Mr. Horne.*





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